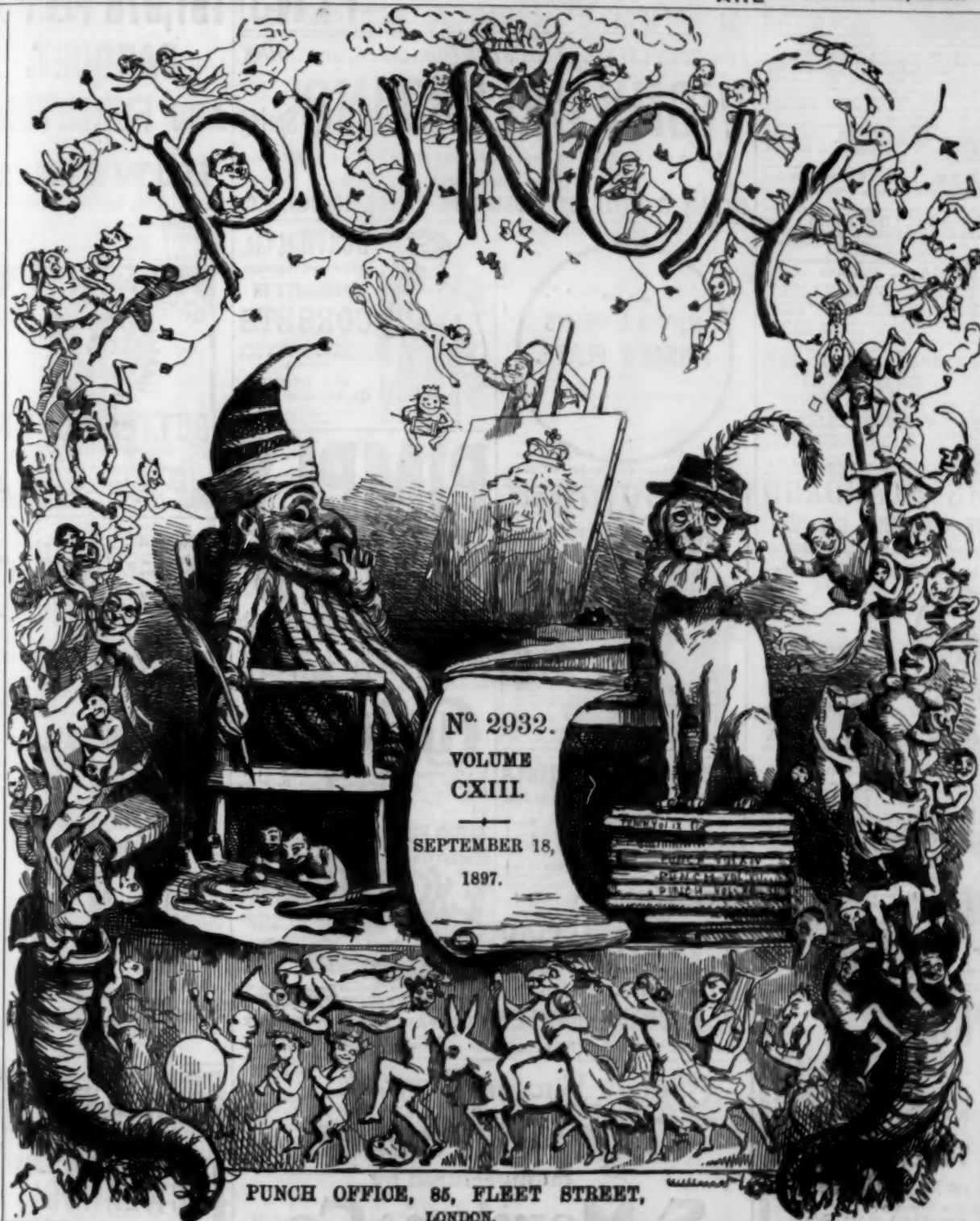


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## STRICTLY RESPECTABLE.

*Master.* "AND YOU CAN SPEAK FOR THIS YOUNG MAN'S CHARACTER, DENNIS?"

*Man.* "INDADE, AND I CAN, SOBE. I'VE KNOWN HIM IVEE SINCE HE COME TO LIVE IN THIS TOWN, SIX MONTHS AGO, AND HE' NIVIE BEEN BEFORE A MAGISTRATE—NOT WANST!"

## A LITTLE CUBBING.

*Wednesday.*—Lady Goodwork's bazaar—most enjoyable way of spending quiet, instructive afternoon. Introduced to divinity in blue serge at crewel-work stall—charming little brunette and great sportswoman. Talked hunting and fishing. Said she had caught, this autumn, salmon (or was it cod? forget which, not having sporting proclivities myself) of twenty-five pounds, and that she was so looking forward to hunting season. Said she "hated men who weren't sportsmen." Promptly lied to her, and said I was devoted to hunting. Could see I went up immensely in her estimation—was pleased. Introduced to her father, Sir HARDRIDE FOXINGTON, who said I must hunt with them—was not pleased. "Come for little cubbing, next week," he says. Don't know what he means, but accept; doesn't sound so dangerous as hunting, anyhow. Ask guardedly, "Where do you cub?" Sir H. looks astonished; so I smile, as though I had spoken in joke; smile always safe investment in such cases. He laughs boisterously, and says, "Come down to Hackhunter Hall; I'll put you up all right." Nods knowingly at me—I nod knowingly at him. Wonder what "putting me up" means? Giving bed for the night, or mount to enable me to cub? Must order new breeches; haven't ridden, even in Park, for years.

*Saturday.*—New breeches home—uncomfortable—almost painful. Have them altered four times during day—rather worse at end of time than at first. Can't be helped. Look up train in Bradshaw, and practice saying "Hoic" in aggressive tones.

Haven't the faintest idea what it means, but suppose everyone who cubs ought to make remarks of that sort at intervals: believe there is some word that comes after "Hoic" to complete sentence, but am not sure.

*Monday.*—Arrive at Hackhunter Hall, and am most hospitably received. My enslaver looking more charming than ever. Really think I might do worse. Think she would consent; seemed so impressed with me at bazaar. Excellent dinner, though pattern of plates trifle too pronounced, and drawing-room curtains a shade too primary in colour. Talk exclusively sporting—rather thin ice for me. "Got nice horse for you to-morrow," says Sir H., "takes hold a bit, but fine jumper." What does "Takes hold a bit" mean? Query, "Takes hold of a bit," eh? "Must start six sharp," he adds. "Oh, not till evening?" I say. Sir H. laughs, and calls me "a wag." Hate "wags"—and then full horror of situation breaks in on me—realize that he means 6 A.M. Never heard of anything so inhuman; felt inclined to protest, but didn't dare. Drawing-room—music—bed.

*Tuesday.*—Knock at my door. Raining. Hooray! surely they won't cub in the wet! "Shaving water, Sir, and will you have your bath quite cold or—" "Come in," I say. "Suppose this rain will prevent our starting, eh?" "Oh, no, Sir," says faithful servitor. "Master never stops for rain, nor the young mistress neither." Hate faithful servitor on the spot. Of course, he can be cheerful; he hasn't got to sit on wet saddle in the early morning. Groan and turn over in bed again. "You 'aven't too much time, Sir." Wish faithful servitor would die suddenly. Exit F. S. Dash into tub. Peep out of window. Raining harder than ever, ugh! Why such an ass as to come? and how the deuce do you cub, anyhow? Descend stairs—greet inamorata and Sir H. Watch them eat breakfast. I breakfast out of tall tumbler. Sir H.'s Etonian son (little beast), with mouth full of pie, stares at me, and says, "I say, Mr. CRANER, you do look in a blue funk." Could cheerfully have followed his funeral at that moment. "We must be off," says Sir H. Proceed to Hall door. Am armed with long-thonged implement like fishing-rod. "That's your horse," says Sir H., indicating beast trying to hit groom over head with fore-paws. "The ginger one?" I ask, fearfully. "The chestnut," he replies. Try to get on—can't. Try other side of him. Groom giggles. "I'll give you a leg-up," says Sir H. Leg-up much too vigorous. I perform aerial flight over *Ginger's* back and alight gracefully on far side. Try again—succeed—gather up reins and thong in inextricable tangle, and bump off down drive. Bump along many (they say only two) miles to meet. Stirrup leathers too long. *Ginger* keeps going sideways. "Ah, he's full of beans, you know." I don't know; wish he wouldn't assume that I knew his hunting slang. "You've only to sit and hold him, and he'll give you lots of fun." Think this highly likely. Saddle very hard and unsympathetic. Stirrup leathers too short, now. Wish *Ginger* wouldn't arch his back and squeak—so upsetting. Arrive at meet. Inamorata says, "You must give me a lead if we come across anything big." Try to smile jauntily—don't feel jaunty, somehow. Gallop up and down wood for no particular reason. Stand still again and shiver—still raining. *Ginger* strikes ground repeatedly with fore-paw, sending mud-showers into eye of irate person on right. Irate person gasps, and turns to say things to me, so jerk *Ginger's* reins, and with terrific splutterings, smothering all around, gallop off. Huntsman getting warm, and "Hoic-ing." Cannot hoic, myself, too much out of breath. Must apologise to Sir H. for this omission, later on. All dogs rush off together—we follow as far as forbidding post and rails. No gate. Inamorata gallops up and jumps rails. Shut my eyes as *Ginger* actually pricks up ears and tears along towards them. Haul at his stupid head in vain—he goes into the air. I go up much higher than he does. Descent absolutely terrible—sit on his ears for one moment, waving arms about for something to catch hold of—find nothing—am grovelling in mud, whilst *Ginger* speeds gaily on after hounds. He has evidently not even missed me! Walk home. 12.35 back to town. Shall not cub again. Bazaar much better fun.

## Pub and Club.

(Mem. by a Moderate Drinker.)

WEALTHY folk who pass their Sunday

Eating, drinking, dawdling, dozing,

Working folks' unworking one day

Would subject to "Sunday Closing."

But 'tis they who'd void the poor man's cup

Who perhaps most merit—shutting up!



### TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Old Hand. "Now, FOR THE LAST TIME, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DON'T SHOOT ANY OF US, OR THE DOGS, OR YOURSELF." Novice (sarcastically). "WHAT ABOUT THE BIRDS?"  
Old Hand. "OH, YOU WON'T HIT THEM!"

### THE NEW NOVEL-WRITING.

(A slightly-anticipatory Interview.)

"If there is one thing that I hate more than another," said the Eminent Author, "it is being interviewed. My nature is the most modest and retiring one imaginable. I detest advertisements, except those of my books; and it is monstrous that, for a simple, unassuming man like myself, publication should involve publicity. Besides, how am I to enjoy the quiet so essential for working out my colossal masterpieces, if my privacy is to be invaded in this way? No; I simply refuse to be interviewed by any journalist."

"In that case," I said, rising to leave, "I will not trouble you further."

To my surprise, the Eminent Author locked the door and placed his back against it. "Don't be foolish," he said, irritably, "and let me finish my sentence. I refuse to be interviewed by any journalist who devotes less than two columns to his description of my house and his eulogy of myself. You've got down all that about my modest and unassuming character? All right; now we can get on. Please take down all I say. The illustrious and world-famed novelist who is the subject of our

sketch is descended from an old county family, and was born in the year—"

"Pardon me," I interrupted, "but I don't want all that. It's been published already within the last month in a dozen papers."

"In a dozen?" he exclaimed, angrily. "In thirty at the very least! In a dozen, indeed! What do you take me for? Do you think I am a miserable second-rate writer who is only interviewed once a week or so?"

I made my apologies. "But what I wanted especially to know," I continued, "is the system by which your talented books—"

"My colossal masterpieces," he amended, sharply.

"By which your colossal masterpieces are put together. For I understand that the labour of compiling them is shared by you with a good many other persons?"

"Certainly it is," said the Eminent Author. "In former times, as perhaps you remember, there was a quite absurd idea in vogue that a writer must have a close personal acquaintance with the scenes and modes of life he depicted. The death-blow to that fallacy was struck by a Manx novelist, who enjoyed a certain repute in his day. It was he who first hit on the

plan of having his proof-sheets revised by a dozen different people who were authorities on various subjects. This, you perceive, was a great improvement, as it freed him from the necessity of having any but the most superficial knowledge of what he wrote about. I, however, have carried the system further with the most splendid results."

"And, in fact," I suggested, "you have no first-hand knowledge of your subjects at all?"

"Exactly. And you will perceive that this greatly facilitates the production of colossal masterpieces. Take the work, for instance, that I have at present in hand. One of its most thrilling and dramatic scenes takes place in a coal-mine. Now, I haven't the least idea what a coal-mine is like, so the whole of that chapter is being written for me by the superintendent of a mine. Again, there is in it a delightful little idyll of love in a Devonshire village, and of course a large number of rustic characters are introduced—readers always like them. What do I know of Devonshire rusties? How can I learn how to displace the consonants and vowels in order to reproduce their dialect? 'Go and study them for myself,' you say? No, thank you. I don't take the least interest in the creatures. Besides, that isn't my work; I've got to stay at home and be interviewed. No: all that part of my book is being written for me by a competent Devonshire man. Then my scenery is supplied by an eminent R.A., and a writer in a ladies' fashion journal dresses my heroine. In fact, there are about two dozen persons just now at work on my behalf. Owing to this system, I can produce a new book every three months with the least possible trouble, and my income is simply enormous."

"I congratulate you heartily," I said. "And now would you mind telling me what exactly is the work which you yourself do? Are you responsible for the plots?"

"I have been, hitherto," the Eminent Author replied. "But if I can only find a specialist to supply me with them ready-made, I shall certainly employ him; it would save so much trouble. Then I should simply have to combine the materials supplied me by my various agents, and could produce a colossal masterpiece every week. What an improvement on the old days, when a novelist had to do the whole thing—plot, and character-study, and local colour, and scenery—himself!"

"It is indeed," I assented. "And the simply enormous income—you share that, of course, with your collaborators?"

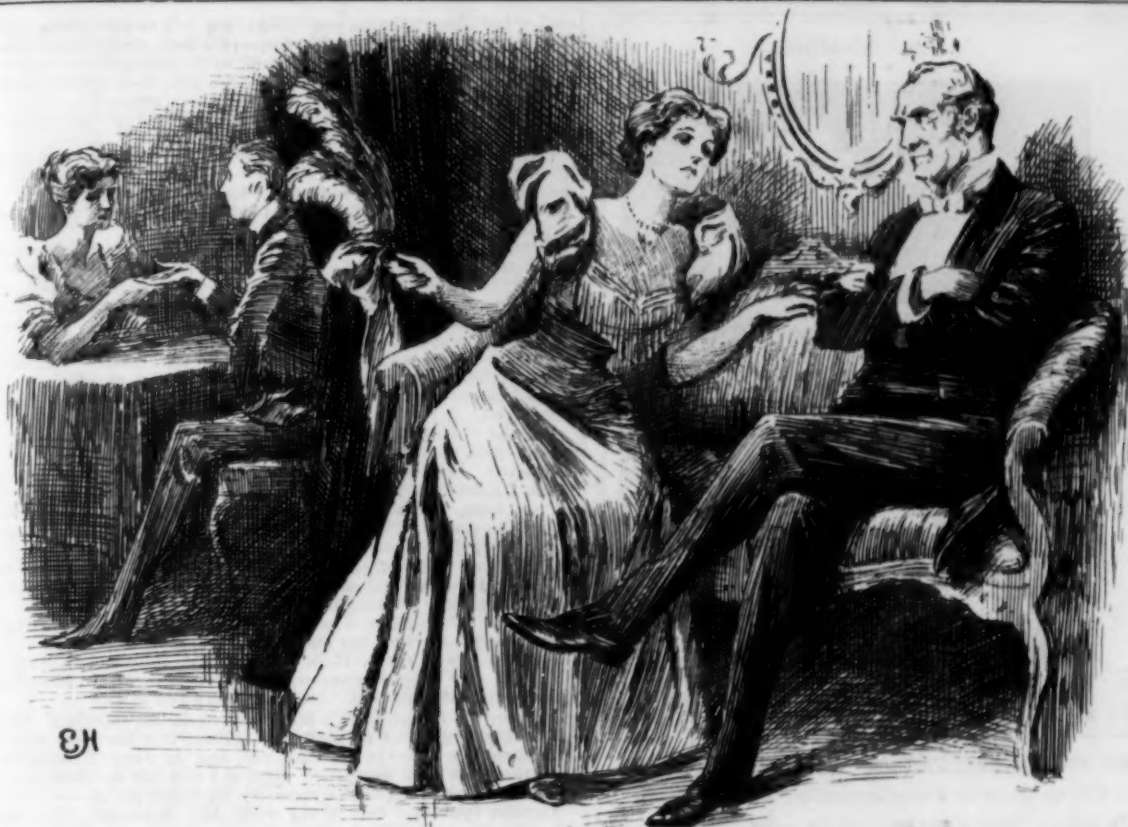
The Eminent Author rose. "I have told you enough," he said: "and, as I said, I hate being interviewed. I would fain be alone—alone with the mighty thoughts that crowd upon my master-mind, thoughts which will delight thousands of readers, and make my name immortal. Here are seven photographs of myself, and some views of my house. Now go away, please. The interview is concluded."

### Hawke Notwithstanding.

Horatio (to CLEOPATRA). And so he died of a broken heart at the end of May.

Cleopatra. Poor fellow! What a pity he didn't wait to pick it all up again over Goodwood or the Leger.

SUGGESTED START FOR IMPERIAL RECIPROCITY.—A sample of Indian sunshine for an equivalent in English rain.



## A TRUE BELIEVER.

Constantia. "OH, UNCLE BURLEIGH, IT'S PERFECTLY WONDERFUL! SHE TOLD ME THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY THINGS ABOUT MYSELF! SHE SAID I WAS BORN A TWIN, AND LOST BOTH MY PARENTS AT THE AGE OF FIVE, AND INHERITED AN ENORMOUS FORTUNE FROM A VERY FAIR MAN!"

Sir Burleigh M'Garel, G.C.B. "BUT, TO THE BEST OF MY RECOLLECTION, NONE OF THESE THINGS ARE SO."

Constantia (hesitating). 'N—NO.' (Puzzled.) "BUT ISN'T THAT JUST WHAT MAKES IT SO EXTRAORDINARY!"

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

*On a cold and rainy September day, a Sportsman recollects an incident of days gone by*

THE end of the Summer is with us again,  
There's a Winter-like sniff from the mould,  
There's an icicle chill in the drip of the rain  
That prophesies shortcoming cold.  
The swallows are packing their boxes to fly  
To a land where there's sunshine galore,  
And the very last rose is preparing to die,  
While we're putting the filberts in store.

I am writing to you in the thickest of coats,  
With a horrible cold in my head,  
And a *souppçon* of one of those very sore throats  
That may possibly end me in bed.  
I have never a comforter—barring the line  
You address me, infrequent and rare.  
It's so welcome! And do you, dear, ever repine  
For the letters I should have sent—where?

To the place where we met, when I hoped for the best,  
A Dead-Alive village unknown,  
But dearer than any to us—it was blest,  
When we mutually murmured, "My own!"  
But since we have parted, for ever and aye,  
And we do not play "Where, When, and How,"  
I suppose there is something about this cold day  
That has made me remember you now.

What is it? I think I have got the right clue,  
Unromantic, but none the less sure,

It was something appealing to me, not to you,  
Though it made of our love-stress a cure.  
On just such a day we were perished and faint,  
On a walk in a country-side lane,  
And I said a harsh word—then came tears, then the — Saint,  
That is coloured again and again!

\* Is "Saint" quite the right word?—ED.

## THOSE WHO ARE ALWAYS WITH US.

THE Tipster, who knows the winners of a great Double Event, say the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire.

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THE Member of the Club, who is supposed to be at Homburg or Marienbad, but has kippers or buttered eggs every morning in Pall Mall—unless exchanged to other premises in the vicinity.



### 'The Weather.'



### SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT ON "POLITICAL WEATHER."

(With apologies to the Young Person of the "Daily Graphic.")

"The political weather is very much like the natural weather . . . I believe that in public affairs you will see a great change before long."—Recent Speech at Maitland.]

### AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

#### PART VI.

SCENE—The Garden. BOWATER is seated dejectedly in one of the wicker chairs, as CAMILLA comes out from the house.

Camilla (to herself). He is here! If I can only make him thoroughly ashamed of himself! (Aloud, sweetly.) Ah, Mr. BOWATER, I thought I should find you in the garden. . . . No, don't move, I'll take this chair. (She seats herself so as to face him.) I'm so interested about this wonderful novel of KEZIA'S. What a triumph for you to have discovered such a genius! How proud and delighted you must be feeling!

Bowater (to himself). I'm really not equal to going into raptures just now. (Aloud.) Oh—er—it is gratifying, naturally, though I should hardly—er—I mean to say, "Genius" is perhaps rather an extravagant term to use.

Camilla (to herself). I thought he would try to wriggle out of it! (Aloud.) But you used it at lunch. You placed KEZIA—or Miss STILLWELL, as I suppose we ought to call her now—on a higher level than JANE AUSTEN or GEORGE ELIOT.

Bowater. Pardon me—on a different level.

Camilla. Well, but you must have ranked the author of *Stolen Sweeties* very high indeed, or you would not have been so unusually enthusiastic!

Bowater (feebly). It is—er—just possible that I was—er—betrayed into some slight exaggeration.

Camilla. You are much too acute and conscientious a critic to give any praise that was not thoroughly deserved. And why should you—when you had no reason to suppose that the author was present?

Bowater. Oh—er—as to that, I can assure you Miss—er—STILLWELL'S connection with the manuscript took me completely by surprise.

Camilla. It does seem extraordinary. I always considered her rather a superior sort of girl, it is true, but even now I can't think how she can have acquired sufficient culture to impress

such a fastidious judge as you. And then it's so marvellous, too, that, although, as I know, her employers have always been mere commoners like myself, she should have managed to draw a viscount, wasn't it? and a lady of title and their surroundings with such unerring accuracy. She must be a genius!

Bowater (uncomfortably). I—I fear her work is—er—marred by crudities and—er—solecisms which—

Camilla. Which did not strike you until you discovered that it was written by a parlourmaid? Really, Mr. BOWATER, I thought you were above such petty social prejudices!

Bowater. Miss LYDE, you seem to think I am trying to get out of publishing her book!

Camilla. After all your praises? Oh, no, I know you too well to believe you capable of such meanness as that. Such an advantage for her, poor girl, to be taken up by one so generous and even princely in all his dealings! With you, she is certain of a substantial reward for her labours. (To herself.) It serves him right—he deserves to pay!

Bowater (to himself). This is rather too much! (Aloud.) I—I feel bound to explain that the manuscript of which I expressed such warm admiration this morning was not Miss STILLWELL'S.

Camilla (to herself). I wonder what next he will say! (Aloud.) Indeed, then whose was it?

Bowater. That I can't tell you. It was an anonymous story which I received a few days ago, and left at Mr. ALABASTER'S on my way here, with a note to tell him how highly I thought of it.

Camilla (to herself). He actually supposes he can persuade me that—I do believe if I only lead him on, he will pretend—I'll try him. (Aloud.) How curious! The fact is, a friend of mine—I wonder if it could by any chance—Do you happen to recollect what it was called?

Bowater (to himself). I only wish I could! (Aloud.) Why, oddly enough, the title has quite escaped me.

Camilla (to herself). He's abominably cunning! (Aloud.) Well, my—my friend's manuscript was type-written, in blue ink, and the title was missing. Does that help you at all?

Bowater (to himself). It's saved me! (Aloud, eagerly.) Miss LYDE, I'm almost—I'm positively certain it's the very same! This novel was typed in blue ink, too, and, by Jove! I remember now, the front page was gone. And, if I may say so, there was a touch about the book that irresistibly reminded me of—

Camilla (quickly). Not of my work, Mr. BOWATER! You are not going to say that!

Bowater. I was. Indeed, I remarked as much to Miss VYVIAN. I felt almost certain you had written it.

Camilla (to herself). Perfectly shameless! (Aloud.) But it was KEZIA'S novel that you praised at lunch, you know.

Bowater (taken aback). Er—that is so. But, for the moment, I—I got it into my head that it was yours.

Camilla. Because of the "crudities" and "solecisms"? So many thanks!

Bowater (distractedly). No, no, no! Look here, Miss LYDE, the truth is, I've never read a single line of *Stolen Sweeties*—there!

Camilla. I think you forget that you mentioned a scene in the book that particularly struck you, and spoke of its masterly style and treatment, and all the rest of it. It seems a little singular that you could do that if you had never read a line of it!

Bowater. If you remember, I—er—only did it by frequent appeals to ALABASTER, who had read it.

Camilla. Then it was Mr. ALABASTER who really admired it?

Bowater. Well—er—he didn't exactly. (Helplessly.) It was an unfortunate misapprehension—quite impossible to explain.

Camilla. You seem to find it so. Well, Mr. BOWATER, I will admit that I did take it into my head—I see now how foolish it was—to—to test the sincerity of the appreciation you were kind enough to profess of my literary work by sending you a story anonymously. The result has been—disappointing.

Bowater. Don't say that, Miss LYDE! Wait at least till I produce this other manuscript, and I am in great hopes that I may succeed in convincing you that—

Camilla. That it was the novel which you recognised as a masterpiece? You may succeed in doing that, Mr. BOWATER, but you cannot persuade me that it was mine—and I will tell you why. Mine was never sent at all. It was accidentally destroyed.

Bowater (to himself, crushed). Just my infernal luck! (Aloud.) Oh! I—I was not aware of that.

Camilla (dryly). So I imagined. It is a little unfortunate, isn't it?

Bowater. But you have probably kept a copy? If you would permit me to glance at it.

Camilla. I thought your enthusiasm wasn't dependent on that little formality . . . No, Mr. BOWATER, it is really no use. I happen to know all, and I don't intend to surfeit you with a

rival instalment of *Stolen Sweets*. You seem to me to have enough already. Seriously, how can you expect me ever to trust you again after deceiving me so shamefully?

*Bowater*. What was I to do? I found—or thought I had found—that I had inadvertently rejected a novel of yours, unread. Can't you see that I was ready to—to go to any lengths rather than let you suppose that I (I who, whether you believe it or not, Miss LYDE, have always felt the most fervent admiration for you, not only as an author, but as a woman) could deliberately offer you such a slight?

*Camilla*. All I can see is that the consequence of your diplomacy has been to make a dupe of my poor KEEIA.

*Bowater*. I—I could not foresee that. And if any reasonable compensation—

*Camilla*. What compensation will satisfy her now that you have turned her foolish head by your praises? Unless you either tell her the whole truth—which surely would be rather humiliating for you—or else invent some pretext for throwing her over, which I hope you would scorn to descend to, I really don't see what you can do now except publish her book for her.

*Bowater*. But it's bound to be a failure. Would that be doing her any real service?

*Camilla*. I'm afraid not. But, on the other hand, I believe it would almost break her heart if she found out that her story had been rejected, and I do ask you to spare her that.

*Bowater* (*gloomily*). Very well. I've brought it on myself, I suppose. I—I'll publish her confounded story!

*Camilla* (*relenting slightly*). I knew you would. After all, it mayn't be so bad, you know. I'll go in and send her out to you, and then you can arrange about terms and all that.

[*She goes into the house.*]

*Bowater* (*to himself*). If I could only put myself right with her— But that's hopeless, now. We shall never be the same again, never! (*He sinks into sombre meditation; a little later, NORA comes out.*) Miss VYVIAN! did you go to Fitcham? Had the manuscript arrived?

*Nora*. Yes, this morning. But fancy! That aly KEEIA had left instructions that anything for "M. N." was to be forwarded here. You see, she knew all the letters would come into her hands first.

*Bowater*. Then she'll get it this afternoon, and see I've declined it! Miss LYDE will never forgive me now!

*Nora*. No, no, it's all right. Luckily, the postmistress hadn't sent it off yet, and she knows me, so I persuaded her that, as I was going back to Sunny Bank, I could take it just as well. And I've just left it with my Aunt, who wanted to—to look over it. You don't mind, do you?

*Bowater* (*with a sigh of relief*). Mind? No, my dear Miss NORA, so long as that girl hasn't got it! Very many thanks. It's quite safe in your Aunt's hands. This is the first gleam of luck I've had this afternoon! (*KEEIA, now divested of cap and apron, comes out.*) Ah, here comes Miss STILWELL, we—we are going to discuss business, I believe.

*Nora*. Then I'll leave you together. Don't make her more concerned than she is already.

*Bowater* (*grimly*). I never felt less inclined to be complimentary in my life!

[*He rises to receive KEEIA, who advances with a self-important simper as NORA departs.*]

## AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

AU REVOIR.

DEAR MISTER,—I am desolated. At cause of a very pressed affair at me in France I am forced of to part immediately. I quit your country so interesting with the most great regret. But I hope to return after some time.

I write at Dovers. I am come from Eastbourn by the railways at the border of the sea. What voyage! The train arrests himself at all the most little stations. One changes of carriage two times, the trains are in delay, one misses the one that one hopes to entrap, the carriages and the line are one cannot more old and more bad; one is shaken, one is pushed, one is furious. But in fine it is finished, and one arrives.

I am gone to make a little walk in the town. It is not very gay. At each window one perceives a long view, *longue-vue*. He appears that the inhabitants of Dovers serve themselves of the long views for to peep at all the ships who pass, and also for to regard Calais, town as sad as the their. That should be to very amusing! I have seen the prison of the forced ones, *forçats*—an abandoned prison, desert, the walls falling; nothing of more miserable! I have seen also the Cliff of SWAKSPIR. *Tiens!* I knew not that he possessed a ground, *terrain*, at Dovers. I believed him inhabitant of Stratfordonavn.



## A SUGGESTION FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE ELEPHANTS WORK FOR THEIR LIVING, WHY NOT THE NEW GIANT TORTOISE! THE EXERCISE MIGHT IMPROVE HIS DIGESTION, SAID TO BE IMPERFECT.

At the hotel I encounter one of my friends, Mister JOHN ROBINSON, who goes to make a little excursion in Bavaria and in Austria, just to Vienna. I have counselled him of to write to you his impressions of voyage. As soon as arrived at Nuremberg he will put himself to the work. Permit, Mister Punch, that I address to you this mister.

I hear to whistle the packet boat. Mister ROBINSON parts for Ostende. Me I go to Calais in one hour. Unhappily the sea is very agitated. Eh well, it is not a long travesty. At the hotel one has spoken to me of a French, arrived since eight days, who has not dared to traverse at cause of the bad times. Yesterday he made very little of wind. But, seeing that, the goodman resolves himself to attend again one day, hoping to traverse the sea calm as a lake. To-day she is again very agitated, and he can no more attend. The poor man!

At the moment of to part, dear Mister, I think to the day where we shall see again ourselves. In attending, be willing to agree the expression of my best sentiments of friendship. I squeeze you the hand very cordially. *Au revoir.* AUGUSTE.

## Song of the Silent Highway.

BEAUTY and gaiety—must they be banned  
Still half a year from our city's fine river?  
From the ghoul Dulness, who so lords our land,  
Who will our town's noble tideway deliver?  
When aly old PAPA to his business once went,  
Oft 'twas by "fly-boat, by barge, or by wherry."  
Won't modern London with him be content  
Who makes her great river more useful—and merry?

"TO-MORROW AND TO-MORROW."—Time of the signature of the Greco-Turkish Treaty of Peace.



TOMKINS, WHO HAS RECENTLY MADE HIS APPEARANCE *EN AMATEUR* AS THE MELANCHOLY DANE, GOES TO HAVE HIS PHOTOGRAPH "TAKEN 'IN CHARACTER.'" UNFORTUNATELY, ON REACHING THE CORNER OF THE STREET, HE FINDS THE ROAD IS UP, AND HE HAS TO WALK TO THE DOOR! TABLEAU!!

### ON A COMMON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—We were so happy on that Common. You must bear in mind that it was not an ordinary Common. It was an Uncommon Common. And so we sat among the heather and the second crop of gorse, admiring the tethered sheep, and the dog Pixie, and ourselves, and wondering why the world was ever dark and dismal. It was a revelation, and yet we were not so far removed from the iniquities of the Metropolis. There were, and no doubt are now, several hundreds of fowls on this Common. No one appeared to have the least animosity against those bipeds. At all events, we had not. We extolled the condescension with which they treated Pixie, having no fear of his threats, but, on the contrary, appreciating the humour of the situation, and knowing that one hundred chickens could readily dispose of one Maltese Terrier. But Pixie was still to be lauded for his courage, and, when he was not looking for imaginary rabbits, he never failed to be the Joy of the Household, save and excepting when the members of it were cleaning their bicycles, or finding out whether the gardener or Dirtman had lodged in the Summer-house during the previous night. A quaint and curious creature the Dirt-

man, a kind of Pelican that would manage to exist in a Desert of Temperance on the promise of an Oasis of Whiskey. But I imagine he survives on apples, when the whiskey is wanting.

Some of the Commoners made the Neighbouring Aristocracy regard them with an unfavourable glance. They, the Aristocrats, were not accustomed to look upon matrons, men and maidens chewing cake by the roadside and consuming tea on the turf. It afflicted their fancy, but nevertheless the Commoners were still happy and contented. In the evening, when the Common was no longer desirable property, they retired to that hospitable Home, where every one was welcome, and then made merry with Japanese Fans, sketches in pen and pencil, and illustrations of Nursery Rhymes, in which the Engaged Young Lady made a most acceptable Spider when demonstrating the Legend of Miss Muffet.

My object, Sir, in writing this letter is to point out how much superior a Common is to the vulgar sea-shore or common beach of commerce. On a Common you can do anything in reason. By the sad sea waves you are more or less held by the enemy, who prowls from morning until nightfall. Let me strongly recommend the trial of a Common to you next year as a scene

of recreation and recuperation. If you chance on my particular pitch, you will probably recognise

### A CONGENIAL DONKEY.

P.S.—I don't give the name of my Common, nor that of the nearest railway station, but they are both there. *Verb. sap.* Commons are always better than piers. Parliamentary joke, registered.

### At Homburg-v.-d.-H.

Colonel Twister (in the hotel smoking-room). Yes! I once played a game of pool at Senecarabad, holding the cue in my teeth, and captured all the loot!

Captain Longbow. Pooh! That's nothing! About a month ago I matched myself at shell-out against FRED FANDANGO, and clutching the cue between my toes, walked in lying on my back!

Colonel Twister (taken unawares). But how the deuce did you manage to see the table?

Captain Longbow. See the table! Why, had the cloth lighted with Röntgen rays, of course! Saw through the slate!

[The Colonel abruptly says "Good night" to the company, and leaves for Schlagenbad next morning.]





### “BROTHERS IN ARMS.”

[“The staunchness and devotion of the whole force, and particularly the excellent conduct of the native officers when thrown on their own resources, are worthy of the highest praise; . . . and the fact that at the very first the men saw all their British officers shot down, makes the staunchness and gallantry of the native officers, non-commissioned officers, and men even more praiseworthy.”—*London Gazette Despatches quoted in the Times, Sept. 8.*]



PLATE VI

THE GREAT CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, ROME, AS IT APPEARED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (From a drawing by G. B. Piranesi.)



## EXCELLENT ADVICE.

Dealer (to Timmins, who is trying a hunter). "PULL 'IS 'ED UP, SIR! PULL 'IS 'ED UP, AND JAM THE SPURS IN, OR 'E 'LL DOWN YOU!"

## A SONG OF DEGREES.

["Bogus Degrees—How they are got and paid for."  
—*Daily Chronicle*.]

I'm the Chancellor, the Beadle, and the Doctors

Who lecture on the *Asinorum Pons*,  
I'm the tutors, and the bull-dogs, and the Proctors,

The porters, undergraduates and dons.  
I'm the 'Varsity, and on consideration  
Of modest and most reasonable fees,  
I'll remit you, carriage paid to any station,  
The very latest fashion in degrees.

I have hoods—green, orange, yellow and vermilion—

In which a Bishop would be proud to strut,

I have garments academic for the million,  
All warranted a first-class Oxford cut.

Buy! buy! Who'll buy a Bachelor of Science?

Who'll buy an LL.D. or a B.A.?

My fees set competition at defiance.

Buy! buy! Degrees are going cheap to-day!

Buy! buy! my friends, and when you have succeeded

In adding learned letters to your name,  
Persuade your friends that really all that's needed,

Is that they should straightway go and do the same.

They send me, say, a tanner or a twenty,

I give you a commission on the fees,  
So, if you get me graduates in plenty,

We'll all grow rich together—by degrees.

## LONG AGO LEGENDS.

YE WIDOWE AND YE GALLANTE.

A WIDOWE, fayre too looke upon and not passyng XL—much, and who had but juste caste aside ye sombre habilimentes



of her doole days, and was arrayed once more in garmentes gaye, was a wandering in ye medes with a well dyghte gallante, and he was a whisperinge in too her eere softe, tendere wordes; atte which she woulde caste downe her eyen and smyle.

And then he downed on hys knee and declared hys passion fore ye dame. "And doe you indeede love me moche?" sayd she, a turning her head aside while a grette blushe mounted toe her browe, ry-vallynge in depthe ye pyany floure. "Love thee!" cryed ye gallante in extacie, ry-singe and takynge her plumpes lyttle hande in hys; "why, sweete JAYNE," for soe was she named, "I swere I doe love ye verrie grounde thou treadeste on!" Atte thys she dyd falle on toe ye cheste of her leman with ye wordes, "I am thynne!" And then he dyd kysse her swettie and moche.

Now it chanced that ye grounde on which ye fayre widowe was a treadynge was vast in extente: in partes well sowne with corne and in partes of riche fatte pasture; there alsoe rose prouddie on it a statlie manayone, alle of whiche was, undere ye wille of her late lamented spouse, here in her owne righte. But thys by ye waye.

## On the Brighton Road.

Cyclist (to owner of dog over which he has nearly ridden). Take your beast out of my way! What right has he here?

Owner. Well, he pays seven and sixpence a year for the privilege of perambulation, and you pay nothing!

USEFUL PHRASE FOR TRAVELLERS IN FRANCE.—How to establish friendly relations between Englishman and Frenchman. Say "*Que nous nous humectons!*" i.e., "Let us have a drink."





"I SAY, BILL, 'ERE COMES TWO CHAMPION DOWNERS! LET'S KID 'EM AT WE'RE OFFICERS!"

### DEFIANCE, NOT DEFENCE.

(An Imaginary Account of an Impossible Volunteer Corps.)

"Tom," shouted the front rank of A company, "what on earth is the good of keeping us at attention?"

"Shut up!" replied the C. O. "We shall have the Inspecting Officer here directly, and a nice mess you would be in if I allowed you to stand easy."

"Tom," yelled the rear rank of A company, "you are an idiot!"

The supernumeraries took up "hear, hear," and passed it down from right to left with marvellous unanimity.

"Well, old chap, how do they look?"

The question was addressed to the adjutant, who had been making up the field state.

"C company have come out in dressing-gowns instead of overcoats, Sir, and the sergeants of F, as usual, appear in slippers."

The C. O. smiled, and murmured, "They always were a rum lot." Then he asked if all the officers were present.

"Many of them, Sir," responded the adjutant, referring to the field state. "Of course, where the senior captains can't get away from their business, their duties are taken over by their subalterns."

"But I say, why haven't the men of that rear company their rifles?"

"They are in the charge of their captain, who keeps them at his establishment. But both ranks have paraded with the tickets."

There was a loud explosion.

"What's that?"

"Oh! nothing, Sir," replied the adjutant. "Only the sergeants firing at one another with blank ammunition. They are always up to some nonsense or other."

At this moment the Inspecting Officer rode up. The entire battalion offered to hold his horse for him—of course, for a suitable consideration.

"Now, Sir, move them about," said the new-comer.

"Blessed if I know how—and if I did, what would be the good? They know how to move about without any telling from me."

"Then give a word of command, Sir."

"Ask me another! I don't know any."

"On my word, Sir," said the Inspecting Officer, after a pause. "I think the best thing to do with your precious regiment is to amalgamate it with another."

"Come, that is a good joke!" cried the C. O., with a roar of laughter. "Why, there isn't a corps in the kingdom that would have anything to do with us! Isn't it so, old chap?"

The adjutant, with difficulty suppressing a smile, confirmed the statement of his superior.

"Hallo!" shouted the Inspecting Officer. "What are they after now?"

"We are all going home," returned one of the band. "We have had enough soldiering for to-day, and as it's dry work, we are off for a drink. The canteen is being run by BILLY."

"And who is BILLY?" inquired the regular.

"One of the officers," was the prompt reply of the adjutant.

"Well, Sir," said the Inspecting Officer, when he was alone with the C. O., "I can scarcely congratulate you upon your command. Will you be so good as to give me the title of the corps?"

"Wild horses shall not drag the secret from me," returned the inspected, firmly.

And the Inspecting Officer thought it better to be satisfied with the answer, as there was no one to bother about it in Parliament till after the recess.

### THE ARMY MANOEUVRES.

(By a Puzzled Private.)

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' through the rye,  
Gin a body meet a body  
Need a body fly?  
Ilka laddie is a regiment,  
Ane, they say, am I;  
Yet a' the lads they tell me I'm  
A prisoner in the rye.

Gin a body meet a body  
Comin' owre the lea,  
Gin a body meet a body,  
Need a body dee?  
Ilka laddie bangs his rifle,  
Sae the same dae I,  
Yet a' the lads they tell me I'm  
A deid man in the rye.

Gin a body meet a body,  
Baith as deid's a rat,  
Gin a body greet a body  
Whaur's the haim o' that?  
Ilka laddie has his whusky,  
Mine is guid an' strang—  
We'll tak' a richt guid williewaucht,  
An' let the lave gae hang.

### Valour indeed!

Mrs. Muddlebrayne (to friend, while inspecting Captain WHITAKER'S magnificent Collection of Medals). Law! Bless me! 'Ow 'e must 'ave fought to 'ave all them decorations! And my pore 'usband wot served in the Guards only 'ad one!

TREASURE TROVE.—The real grit of the Shamrock found by the Duchess of York in Ireland.

THE CLOCKS WHICH NEVER GO.—Those connected with the feet, not the hands.

## PROS AND CONS.

(By a Spectator and Lover of Manly Sport, thinking it over at the end of the Cricket Season.)

On the field, or in the court,  
Some enthusiasts agree  
Pros. give us the prose of sport,  
Amateurs its poetry.

He who hunts a ball for gain,  
He who hits a ball for perks,  
Is not of Olympic strain;  
Mere "gate"-grubbing always irks.

Verily, "the play's the thing";  
But our games were followed sparsely  
If the sole reward they bring  
Were the classic crown of parsley.

"Gentlemen" are not all rich,  
"Pros." are often gentlemen;  
And deciding which is which  
Takes sometimes tongue or pen.

Truly all play and no work  
Needs a fortune in the player.  
Many a sportsman's bound to shirk  
That, though at his game a stayer.

Surely there is room for all;  
Lines too "hard-and-fast" embitter.  
Many a wonder with the ball,  
Many a bright and brilliant hitter,

Many a "sportsman" heart and soul,  
With no purse of Fortunatus,  
Would be kept from glory's goal  
By harsh strictness as to status.

Whose the loss? The public's, surely,  
And the game's. You may be bound,  
Give and take, in games played purely,  
Must be good for sport all round.



## REMARKABLE OPTICAL ILLUSION!

WERE THEY REALLY MOTOR-MEN (SMOOTHLY PROPELLED ALONG THE SURFACE BY AN UNSEEN FORCE) THAT OUR POOR OLD FRIEND SUDDENLY ENCOUNTERED IN THE STREETS OF LONDON, OR WERE THEY MERELY TWO BRITISH WORKMEN EMPLOYED IN DIGGING DOWN INTO THE ROADWAY TAKING FIVE MINUTES' REST *IN SITU*?

## "DOWN SOUTH."

At "The Grand," St. Helier's.—Why are so many modern hotels called "Grand"? The epithet conveys no idea of comfort; quite the contrary. Now "comfort," which word may be taken as exhaustively expressive, is the one thing needful to the traveller. Many monarchs have been styled "Grand," but not one has been surnamed "The Comfortable." How well it would sound, "WILLIAM the Comfortable!" A Grand Hotel may be and probably will be as comfortable as the very snuggest of hostleries, but the name is against it to begin with.

At St. Helier's you are agreeably disappointed to find that there is, at all events, nothing grand about the exterior of this pretty chalet-like hotel. Immediately on arriving you feel yourself at home, and the traveller failing to experience this pleasant sensation will soon be put at his ease by the beaming manager, who, as "a host in himself," welcomes you with an air of British cordiality, tempered by the French polish of *la politesse de Louis QUINZE*. Straightway he busies himself with your comfort, as though the hotel, "with all its appliances and means to boot," had been placed on its present footing, solely and only for your sole personal use and gratification.

M. LOUIS QUINZE is so delighted to see you. It is as though you had been so long expected, and had arrived at last! What can he do for you in some special way to prove his personal devotion? A test of sincerity? ask him to change a cheque.

What greater test of the confidence, begot in the heart of a responsible man simply by your appearance, can there be than this? He has never seen you before in all his life, and (the cheque being changed) may never see you again. He has no means of identifying you with the name you have given. It is late in the evening, and, the money once in the guest's pocket, the guest may wander out to amuse himself in the town, and may never return. But his luggage? It may be somebody else's, and not belonging to him at all. Or it may be an old worn-out portmanteau, which, with its contents, would not fetch the price of a luncheon.

Do these considerations occur to the mind of M. LOUIS QUINZE? If they do, his countenance is still unclouded, not a shadow of suspicion casts even a momentary gloom over his mobile features. On the contrary, he is charmed by your request. Cheque! Why, a hundred cheques if you like! Any amount! A thousand pounds! You honour him by constituting him temporarily your banker! You shall have it whenever you require it. But surely

you and your friends will first dine? Certainly we will. Dinner first, cheque afterwards.

"Pas du tout!" says M. LOUIS QUINZE, in his pleasantest manner, speaking French, which comes as naturally to him as English, for, presumably, he is a Jerseyman, and master of even more languages than his two native ones. "It is natural! *Chez nous, vous n'êtes pas étranger! Jamais de la vie! Mais—comment! will you not go to dine? Is not the dinner commanded for the three gentlemen? Parfaitement! à huit heures et demie?*" We announce our intention of being ready to avail ourselves of the quiet corner reserved for us in the *salle à manger*, within fifteen minutes.

And an excellent dinner it is too, with grouse, and with first-rate wines at fairly reasonable prices. Even Quick-Sandboy is fain to admit this, and having no fault to find with the food, confines himself to the gloomiest meteorological prognostications.

For a few minutes we peer out into the unpromising night; then the two Cheery Ones retire, hoping for the best, while the Quick-Sandboy shakes his head despondently, and, with a melancholy "Good night," goes moodily to bed.

Up with the lark. But, if the Jersey lark is not pressed for time, he will not think of "rising to the occasion" in such wretched weather. A deluge! Rain giving the island a thorough good bucketing. Roads steaming. At breakfast, Sandboys Numbers One and Two sustain a Mark Tapley-kind of jollity, while Number Three grumbles. Excellent trio. Merry movement of first and second violins, and slow growl on violoncello.

In midst of tempest we stand under verandah, to see travellers bound for France and England starting in omnibuses and flies. M. LOUIS QUINZE is there, directing movements of boots, porters, conductors, and drivers, while cheerily speeding the departing guests. "En voiture!" he cries, as he dashes out, regardless of rain! "En voiture! Good-bye! Au revoir!" He rushes up to a carriage to shake hands warmly with muffled figures inside. "Bon voyage! Bon voyage! Monsieur et Madame!" Here, with the utmost urbanity, he raises his hat, and the rain comes down on his exposed cranium sharp as the shower of a bath when the string has been suddenly pulled. "Bon voyage!" he cries, regardless of the *douche*. "Allez!" he says to the driver, "Allez, Cocher! 'Urry! 'Urry! Allez!" Then, in a tone of determined command, gallantly waving his hand, he shouts, "En route!" This is repeated in the case of every single carriage; but when it comes to bidding farewell to a



## KINDLY MEANT.

"MISS MAYFAIR, DO YOU OBJECT TO PADDLING?"

"NO, CHARLIE, NOT AT ALL."

"WELL, THEN, IF YOU'D LIKE TO, DON'T MIND ME."

dosen people or more, crowded into a 'bus, then, always hat in hand, he includes them all individually and collectively in one grand movement of both arms, shouting always with the utmost politeness, "*Bon voyage! Messieurs et Mesdames! Au revoir!*" Finally, in an authoritative tone to the driver, "*Allez, Cocher! 'Urry! 'Urry! En route!!!*"

The last coach-load is gone, and the enthusiastic host collapses. He mops his brow, resumes his hat, and then, for the first time, apparently, becoming aware of the fact that the pelting rain for the last twenty minutes has not been without its damping effect on his coat, he says cheerily to himself and to us, "*Mauvais temps, n'est ce pas?*" and disappears into the house.

Sandboy Number One, who has been making himself acquainted with the traditions of the island, maintains that our manager did not say "'Urry! 'Urry!" but that he had raised the old Jersey cry of "*Haro! Haro!*" By referring him to this tradition, as given in BLACK'S useful Jersey Guide-Book, it is demonstrated to him that the "*Clameur de Haro*" is only raised in cases of trespass or distraint, when the full cry is "*Haro! Haro! Haro! à l'aide, mon Prince, on me fait tort!*" and, after that, the case is formally brought before three jurats on the bench with the bailiff.

Query.—In Jersey, should a traveller be unable to pay his bill, may he shout "*Haro! Haro!*" &c., and be off by next boat? Quick-Sandboy thinks it quite possible, and we recommend him to remain in the island, and, after we have left, try it.

Off to Eastern Station. To Pontac. Stop to visit a church. Directed, in French, by peasants, we walk a mile to obtain the keys. Not much to see when we've got 'em. "'Urry! 'Urry!" We can't retrace a mile's-worth of steps to deliver up keys.

Happy Thought.—Knock at door of nearest house. Lady appears. Certainly, with pleasure, she will take care of the keys. Of course they will be called for. We reply, "Of course," which is a natural supposition, seeing that Sunday is close at hand, and that, if the clergyman is not then in possession of the keys, there will be no service. Vain will it be for him to cry "*Haro! Haro!*" So yielding up the keys of the situation to the kindly matron, we rush for the train. Note.—Everywhere along the roads and in the fields might be written up, "*Ici on*

*parle Français.*" Also, politeness is the special characteristic of the Jersey islander; so far, at least.

In St. Helier's it is the same thing; everywhere English-French. Quite a friendly alliance. The Jeweller describes himself, over his shop, as "Jeweller—Bijoutier." "Butcher" is likewise "Boucher," "Shoemaker—Cordonnier," and so forth. You can deal with all the Jersey tradesmen in either French or English; it is an example of "Whichever language you like, my little dear; so long as you pay your money, you can take your choice." Quick-Sandboy regrets that he was not a Jerseyman, and brought up from his earliest infancy to speak two languages with equal facility. Alas, it is too late now! We propose leaving him in the island, where he can become naturalised. Offer rejected.

Waiting for train. Visit to hotel at Pontac. Excellent concert-hall with glass-roofed verandah; little tables laid out French fashion for dining *à fresco*. Everything here intended for fine weather enjoyment. Luxuriant garden, with pumpkins, marrows, damp chickens, draggle-tailed pea-hens, moping white turkeys, and index-fingers directing visitors to all sorts of invisible amusements, including an Echo, which is kept tame on the premises. From a business point of view this is clearly the way to make an Echo answer. A trifle tea-gardenified; but must be most attractive—when the sun is shining. "*En route! 'Urry! 'Urry!*" for station once more. Passing along by the sea-wall (it is still pouring), we see ladies and gentlemen, evidently a French family party, judging by their costumes, bathing merrily together, and dancing a sort of merry-go-round in the sea. The master of these marine revels is a stout man in bathing-costume and a tall hat—the ordinary "topper" of civilisation—who is enjoying himself immensely and encouraging the others to do the same.

By train to Goree, passing golf-links (impossible to get away from golf-links, lawn-tennis, bicycles, and even croquet this summer), the Butts, and La Rocque. Charming picturesque, every step of it. Then we ascend to Mount Orgueil Castle. Here we bring joy and gladness to the heart of the warder, who had begun to despair of any sixpences from visitors in this drowning weather, which is enough to damp the ardour of the keenest tripper. But our advent is the harbinger of luck: others arrive; as we proceed, half-a-dozen moist sight-seers suddenly and mysteriously crop up from somewhere, apparently out of various dark dungeons in the neighbourhood of the Powder Magazine. We follow the warder, who is now our guardian and guide. The beauty of the views from the summit of the tower is left to our imagination in this hazy weather. We are pelted off the roof by hail-stones.

"Lucky we're under cover," quoth Sandboy Number Two, cheerily congratulating ourselves, as we descend the stair-case.

"Luckier if we'd stayed in the hotel," growls Quick-Sandboy.

We descend. Ere the warder bids us adieu, he summons us, his temporary companions, about him, and in a rough, honest, pleasant way, informs us that "by the rules he is not allowed to make any charge," thus delicately intimating that if our gratitude for his services should happen to take the practical form of sixpence a head (he avoids particularising any sum as clearly inconsistent with his dignity), he personally would have no objection to placing the sum total to his own credit at his bankers. The warder and his re-warders. So having bestowed largesse, we descend the worn stone steps, every one of which contains a small foot-bath of rain-water, then warily through mud-slush, and so we gain the road and arrive at the little British Hotel.

## WHAT THE SOUTH SEA WAVES ARE SAYING.

THE season here never begins or ends. From year's end to year's end it ripples on like the late Poet Laureate's "*Brook*." Men may come and men may go, but Southsea goes on for ever. There is always plenty of "go" in Southsea. On the Clarence Pier there is a constant sequence of melody interspersed with the whistling of steamboats, while the white wings of the yachts in the offing are reflected by the smart but pure costumes of the ladies, who walk the plank without danger from morning till after nightfall. Nowhere can dogowners find such a fine recreation ground for their canine favourites as on the far-famed Common, when not occupied by the brave defenders of our country. Many French visitors look upon the *Victory* in Portsmouth Harbour as a proof of the valour of their countrymen, because NELSON was killed on board of this famous vessel. Two of the coal-hulks adjacent to the *Victory* were borrowed from the Gaul, and never returned. The *Hard*, but for the "Nut," would be desolate of seafaring reminiscences, inasmuch as H.R.H. the Prince of WALES acquired that famous Nelson Vase from the philanthropist, who doesn't like too many public-houses. The Mayor is still weak from a recent attack of Burnheart—but expects to recover.



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